

A Story of a Cave.

Exploration just made of a cavern on the Stewart farm, about two miles from Barnum, Armstrong county, has revealed subterranean passages of a somewhat remarkable character. The entrance is a perpendicular opening about 30 feet in depth. At the bottom the place had the appearance of an inverted cone, with about one-third of the apex and part of the side cut off, and measuring about 24 feet at the base. The walls are of a dark gray color, rather smooth. From here a corridor about 4 feet wide and 3 feet high leads for several yards to a room where the light reveals a scene of grandeur. Stalagmites and stalactites are in profusion, and in shapes and forms to almost equal those of the Mammoth cave.

The chamber is about 65 feet long by 30 feet wide, and the furthest end terminates in a deep pool of water. This pond is perhaps 15 feet wide. The water is pure as crystal. No living thing was seen by the explorers except a peculiarly striped crustacean animal, about 1 inch in length, resembling a crab, but of a dull yellowish color. The temperature registered about 59 degrees. In one corner of the first cavern were found a few specimens of arrow heads and an iron knife, but nothing else to denote that a human being had ever entered before. Further than the pool exploration was not made. A complete investigation will be undertaken by persons who have secured the land.—Philadelphia Press.

She Wanted a Prescription.

One of our Belfast girls has gotten the idea into her head that she would like to be married. She broached the matter to her father and he promptly thrashed her. The next thing she did was to start out to find a lawyer and get his assistance in the matter. But by mistake she got into a doctor's office, and thinking him an analyzer of the law unbundled her troubles to him. The doctor, thinking her a patient, for some time listened to her tale of woe.

Finally the truth dawned upon him that it was a lawyer she wanted, and he told her of her mistake. Then she lighted on him with her tongue, and said he had deceived her and drawn her whole story maliciously, and that she would not only have a lawyer to assist her to get married, but to send the doctor to prison, and with all the scorn of her sex she swept out of the office. But it is safe to say she will be married by and by.—Belfast (Me.) Age.

A Western Union Fixture.

One of the gentlemen who were most seriously affected by the Western Union fire, in the way of personal inconvenience, was Mr. Finnegan, who has guarded the portals of the operating room of the establishment for more years than some persons care to own up to. Thousands of operators know and appreciate Mr. Finnegan. When the operating room was destroyed by the fire he had to seek new headquarters, and he established himself in a chair at the head of the stairs leading to the fourth floor of the building. There he sat and held sweet discourse with many persons toiling up the ascent and blessing the memory of the elevators. But his new surroundings were not congenial. "Sometimes," said Mr. Finnegan in a burst of confidence, "it seems to me as if I didn't know where I was with all the coming and going."—New York Times.

Treasures in Maine.

It is reported from Maine that buried among the clam shells at Cundy's harbor the Pejepscot Historical society recently found some rare and suggestive reminders of prehistoric times. Bones of the deer, porpoise, beaver, fox, woodchuck and some smaller carnivorous animals, birds of several kinds, including a well preserved specimen of the wing bone of the great auk, now wholly extinct, were picked up. Fragments of pottery were numerous, as well as chips of stone broken off in the manufacture of stone implements. Of implements half a dozen perfect and some broken ones were discovered. Only one piece of worked bone occurred—a broken awl.—Philadelphia Ledger.

Having Crazy.

Witness—An' then Mr. Sims, thar, 'lowed he was a rooster, an' strapped on a tin bill an' went to pickin' sorn with the chickens.

Probate Judge—Probably the extreme heat made him a little flighty. He'll come out of it all right, I reckon.

Witness—Next day he wandered out on the street an' told every new comer he met that this town wa'n't boom'n' an'—

Spectators (in one voice)—Ravin' crazy!—Puck.

The Hair to Fabulous Wealth.

Baron E. de Rothschild, of Paris, is the only son of Baron Alphonse de Rothschild, head of the Parisian branch of the great bankers. He is tall, blond, fine looking and about 28 years of age. Having finished his university course he is spending a few years in travel. For the past five months he has been seeing America.—Washington Post.

A Queen's Body Pickled.

The body of the Queen of Corea, who died June 4, is still kept in brine, the process of embalming being unknown to the people of that far off land. The body will be kept four or five months, according to the custom of the country, and then interred with much pomp and ceremony.—Exchange.

Gen. Hastings, of Pennsylvania, who is spoken of for director general of the World's fair, is said to be a noble specimen of manhood—tall, broad shouldered and deep chested. He first became known in political life by his speech nominating Sherman at the Chicago convention.

M. Constant has refused to allow a real Spanish bull fight to be held at a fête in aid of the Martinique sufferers. The Italian authorities have less good feeling for the next corrida (the fifth), to be held at Naples, is under the special patronage of a benevolent society.

The Allegheny Bessemer-Steel company of Dequesne, Pa., has adopted eight hours in all its departments.

The Boys Go Armed.

It is but a short time ago that a professor in one of the leading colleges of San Francisco slapped the face of a rich banker who had published a long and bitter attack upon his (the professor's) venerable father, a divine of great eminence and fame. The professor was at once shot down, although he was entirely unarmed, and had informed his adversary of the fact. Yet the jury declared that it was a case of justifiable homicide, and the accused left the court without a stain on his character.

Even the children, aping their elders, carry pistols and knives with the utmost nonchalance, and a few weeks ago, when the principal of one of the public schools had occasion to administer some much needed corporal punishment to a lad of 12, the young rascal drew a huge revolver on the head master, and the services of the chief of police had to be called in for the purpose of disarming him.

At the request of the terrified principal the police subjected all the pupils present to a personal search and examination, with the result that thirty-five revolvers of all sizes, from the "Colt navy revolver" to the "23 caliber popgun," besides a dozen knives of murderous appearance, were seized and confiscated.—St. Louis Post Dispatch.

What Dudes Can Do.

Young John Jacob Astor, the greatest match in America, is down here, and is going around under the chaperonage of that social Wellington, Mrs. Parson Stevens. He is generally reported to be a nice boy, with that strong vein of good sense that characterizes most of his family. But these young gentlemen, brought up on Pinard's suppers and Klunder's flowers, have a good deal of American grit in them after all. One night last week a small sloop went ashore on the rocks at the foot of the cliff. Although the wind was blowing half a gale, and dinners were in progress at several of the cliff cottages, a flock of young fellows in evening dress appeared and worked like Trojans getting people ashore. That seems to be the way with the gilded youth everywhere. Under the varnish of affection and imitation comes the real stuff—manliness and courage.—Newport Cor. Boston Transcript.

A Bit of Midsummer Madness.

It has been charged upon the sister republic south of us that they are unduly given to the bloody delights of civil and internal warfare. This seems to be the characteristic of all the American nationalities without exception, with the great republic at the head of the list. A passion for internecine war has become the common heritage of all the American republics. It was once thought that this vice was confined to the tropics, but the bloody infection has seized upon the people from the frozen promontory of Cape Horn to the white belt of the Canadian snows, and civil war will soon become as characteristic of the people of our north temperate zone as of those who live under the vertical sun of the equator. The United States is not likely to stand as an arbitrator and pacificator of the internal or international troubles of its weaker neighbor republics.—New Orleans Picayune.

A Modern Enoch Arden.

Thirty years ago William Henry Parker, a seaman, sailed for Quebec. On the return voyage he was lost overboard and reported as drowned. The other day he turned up at Greenwich searching for his wife. He had been picked up by a Portuguese vessel and carried to South America, where he had been forced to become a pirate. He was engaged in blockade running during the American civil war, and had since been to the gold fields, where he had made his fortune. His wife, who had married again and was the mother of a large family, recognized him instantly. Like his prototype, the laureate's Enoch Arden, he was desirous to cause as little trouble as possible.—London Tit Bits.

A Big Building for Masons.

The new masonic temple in Chicago is to have eighteen stories, and the roof will be 240 feet from the pavement. The ground dimensions will be 170 by 114 feet. The structure will be built principally of steel. What the exterior facing will be is not yet decided. It may be terra cotta, stone or special brick made for this particular building. In any case the exterior will be but a fire proofing, not bearing any part of the weight of the building.—Philadelphia Ledger.

According to Professor E. James, colored, the earth has but a little more than a twelvemonth to stand. Professor James is a chiroprapist with an international reputation. He has traveled much and removed corns and bunions from the crowned heads of Europe, so to speak. In his odd spells he turns his mind loose on prophecy, and after a careful study of the stars he is compelled to fix Aug. 21, 1891, as the grand shake-down and windup of the universe.

Some firms in America spend annually great sums on pictures outside cigarette packets. One firm paid out \$400,000 to the lithographers last year for artistic work. Another spent \$450,000, while other firms reported payments of \$375,000, \$350,000 and \$300,000 for the same purpose.

The newspapers are now trying to find the man who spent the most days in rebel prisons during the late war. So far as heard from yet Mr. E. W. Ware, of Bangor, is ahead, he having suffered 600 days in Charleston, Columbia, Charlotte, Raleigh, Goldsboro and Greensboro prisons.

One of the largest forests in the world stands on ice. It is situated between Ural and the Okhotsk sea. A well was recently dug in this region, when it was found that at a depth of 116 meters the ground was still frozen.

Mary Queen of Scots' marriage contract with Francis II of France is to be sold by auction shortly in London. It is a quaint old manuscript of nine folio pages.

The Dallas Manufacturing company, with \$1,000,000 capital, will start a cotton-mill at Huntsville, Ala.

Curious Tornado Effects.

One of the occupants of the Good cottage, near Lake Geneva, an elderly lady, was very fond of taking care of fowls, and had raised nearly a hundred chickens and ducks. These were all killed by the storm. The lady had also made a nice lot of soft soap, of which she was very proud. The soap had been left on a board by the side of the house, and of course was carried away by the wind. The occupants of the house took refuge in the cellar when the storm was seen coming. All were more or less injured and their clothing torn from their bodies. It was nearly half an hour before all were released, more dead than alive. The lady spoken of was half unconscious, and the moment she was taken from the cellar she took one glance at the work of the tornado, threw up her hands and exclaimed, "Oh! where are my ducks and my chickens, and where is my nice soft soap?"

Her soft soap has probably dissolved in Lake Geneva, but the remains of her ducks and chickens were found here and there within a radius of a mile or more from the house. The idea that a tornado could pluck the feathers from a fowl as clean as could the most accomplished chef has been laughed at, but some of the chickens and ducks belonging to the Good family were stripped of every feather. But that was not the only remarkable thing about them. Some of the chickens found nearly a mile from the house had their necks stretched to a remarkable length, the necks of some, it is said by those who saw them, being at least a foot long. Another incident of the storm is that one of the ladies who took refuge in the cellar was almost covered with oats, the sharp needles of which penetrated her clothing and stuck to the skin. The husband of the lady vouches for this occurrence, and says that it took nearly half an hour to remove the oats.—St. Paul Pioneer Press.

A Solid Resin Train.

There has departed from this city a solid train, loaded with resin, for the far destination of Denver, Colo. The amount of resin carried by the train, which consisted of a number of cars, aggregated a round million pounds, and the whole amount was shipped by a firm in this city to a Colorado manufacturing establishment called the Colorado soap works, in the thriving city of Denver. We have more than once heard of solid cotton trains, and in the west it is quite the fashion to run solid grain trains, often carrying one consignment; but a solid resin train is something of a novelty. It speaks, moreover, of the opening up of new trade relations with a section of country a few years back all but unknown land to New Orleans enterprise. Some months ago we were able to record the departure of a train loaded with machinery for a beet sugar refinery in Nebraska.—New Orleans Picayune.

Married His Nurse.

A marriage rare in the history of nations was recently celebrated in the "Dreifaltigkeitskirche" (Trinity church), Berlin. A young Russian of a wealthy and respectable family in the Baltic provinces named Geiger married his nurse. The bride was 17 at the time she nursed her future husband, who is now 30 years of age. It appears that the friends of the latter are not exactly pleased at his choice, but the young man declared that his affection for the present partner of his joys and sorrows dates a long way back. Finding it impossible to overcome the prejudices of his family and being under age he fled to Germany, where the civil and religious forms of the marriage celebration were duly observed without let or hindrance.—L'Intransigent.

White Caps Must Pay Damages.

Marion Kendall, a married man who lived at Elizaville, Ind., four years ago, was taken out by White Caps one night, tied to a post and beaten into insensibility, his life being despaired of for several days. He became paralyzed from the effects, and brought suit for \$10,000 damages against five of his assailants, who were well respected citizens of the county. Judgment was given for \$5,000. The defendants spent money freely, and finally carried the case to the supreme court. A decision handed down from that body affirms the judgment of the lower court.—Cor. Indianapolis Journal.

Modern Journalism.

Benevolent Gentleman (at Fashion beach)—You appear always alone, my little man. Where is your papa and mamma?

Small Boy—I come alone. I'm th' summer resort correspondent of Th' New York Daily.

Gentleman—You? My goodness! Do you write articles for the newspapers?

Small Boy—Ah, there ain't nothin' to do 'cept copy the names off th' registers.—Good News.

A Thrifty Government.

There is soon to be an examination in Washington of candidates for the position of Russian translator of the war department. The candidate is expected to have command of the Russian, German, Italian and Spanish languages, of letter writing and of medical nomenclature. The salary is \$1,000 a year. It is a great thing to be educated.—Detroit Free Press.

Cure for Ivy Poisoning.

Bathe the parts affected very freely every three hours with sweet spirits of niter until every trace of the poison disappears. If the blisters are broken, so that the niter can penetrate freely, a single application is sometimes sufficient. I have used this many times, and never knew it fail to effect a speedy cure.—Housewife.

Financial Needs.

Mr. Citiman (who has taken board on a farm)—Is there a bank anywhere near here?

Farmer Catchum—No, sir. We ain't never had no use for banks in this section. You see, this is the first season any of us has kept summer boarders.—New York Weekly.

Some union brick-layers at Boston get 42 cents an hour.

Arrest of Pie.

The Grand Army boys without doubt were feted to their heart's content, and a New England feast is incomplete without pie.

Two hundred thousand visitors swooped down upon us and all ate pie—no, not all, but let us say 150,000 tested its dainty merits. That means at the least estimate 100,000 pies a day, for while some revel in their delights at every meal, more rest content with a toothsome triangle at but one gastronomic round. The bakers of the city were alive to their opportunity. They felt that the credit of the city and their own future well being were at stake. Two centuries and a half of an unbroken line of pie eaters looked down upon them.

The figures are amazing. Four apples make a pie. About a pound of other ingredients, as flour, sugar, lard, spices and elbow grease, complete the structure. A good 75 per cent. of all the pies consumed were apple pies, and right on them rests the goodly spectacle in its full sublimity. For 75,000 pies a day, or 450,000 for the week, 4,500 barrels of apples were required.

All the boys in Boston could hardly steal the apples in one day, even if the old man was away at camp meeting and the dog was dead. A barrel of flour furnishes crust enough for 800 pies. Of flour alone 1,500 barrels were required. A day's product of one of our largest refineries was used to sweeten the vast aggregation. This on the apple pies alone. There is another way to look at it. Pies are about a foot in diameter. Every one knows that this is a little less than three-quarters of a square foot. The next obvious step in the figuring leads to 353,250 square feet. Nearly 600 feet square, or about one-third again as large as either of the ball grounds—all carpeted with pie.—Boston Record.

Captured Sword to Be Returned.

Col. Samuel A. Moore, of New Britain, to whom the Confederate officer Col. John Fite surrendered his sword at the battle of Gettysburg, wishes now to return the sword to its former owner as a token of good will and brotherhood. He has authorized Mr. J. W. Paxon, "his drummer boy" (as the colonel calls him), to ascertain if such an ex-officer of a Tennessee regiment is still living and can be communicated with. Mr. Paxon has written a letter of inquiry to The Nashville American, asking them to publish it, and to request the same of other Tennessee papers. The Nashville American, commenting upon Mr. Paxon's letter, says: "Neither Judge Fite nor his friends have any doubt that he is the person sought in the letter and will write Col. Moore." This is certainly an exceedingly graceful act on the part of Col. Moore, and is worthy of the highest commendation.—Hartford Courant.

Street Car Manners in France.

The hog claims even the historically polite France for his own. At a discussion by the town council of Havre upon the regulations for city car lines one member complained that in these days men sitting in a car never thought of giving their places to women, even though the latter might have to stand outside on the platforms in the rain. He moved the adoption of a bylaw empowering conductors to compel men seated in the interior to surrender their places to women outside. Several other councillors gallantly supported the motion, but the majority concluded that the temper of the age would not permit any such social revolution. The episode has excited considerable attention in Paris, where there is general mourning over the decadence of French manners.—Exchange.

Lost Caste.

Some of the high caste Hindus of Bombay have got themselves into trouble by dining at a social gathering with two ladies, one of whom was Dr. Emma Ryder, the other the well known reformer, Pandita Ramabai, who will be remembered as a recent visitor to this country. The priests have brought the offending gentlemen to trial and pronounced sentence against them. For eating a simple meal with ladies in the open day these polluted Hindus must "change their sacred thread," go through a process of purgation, "bathe in some sacred tank or river," and do other ridiculous and inconvenient things.—Chicago Times.

An Author Who Prefers Trousers.

Mme. Dieulafoy, the well known Persian archaeologist, who has just brought out a novel of the time of Darius II, has become so accustomed to the greater convenience of masculine attire in her journeyings and excavations with her husband that she seldom abandons it, and even in Paris rides her horse like a man. Her ability is so great that she is pardoned her eccentricities with commendable graciousness.—Harper's Bazar.

A Fair Sympathizer.

Miss Brownbeane (of Boston)—Dreadfully warm, Mr. Phorpitte! Is it so in your city?

Mr. Phorpitte—It is. Very hot and fearfully dry. Vegetation simply burning up.

Miss B. (earnestly)—So very sorry! That will be very bad for the steel and glass plants that grow in Pittsburg.—Pittsburg Bulletin.

The schooner Mary Anderson has sailed from San Francisco in the hope of finding the \$2,000,000 lost years ago when the Brother Jonathan went down with all on board. Nobody knows where the vessel sunk, but a skipper of the Pacific thinks the good luck which follows the name of Mary Anderson may locate the lost treasure.

The historian Bancroft is often seen in a carriage on Bellevue avenue at Newport. He looks old and broken, and though his mind is reasonably clear his bodily vigor is gone. His niece usually accompanies him when he drives out.

Mr. Paul Gifford has discovered a terrific explosive which makes no report. Any explosive which promises a noiseless Fourth of July should be encouraged.

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